

A verie serious businesse call's on him:  
The great prerogative and rite of loue,  
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,  
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets  
Which they distill now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming houre overflow with ioy,  
And pleasure drowne the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,  
And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,  
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke  
May make it probable neede.

*Hel.* What more commands hee?

*Par.* That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you come firrah.

*Exit Par.*

*Enter Lafew and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But I hope your Lordshippe thinke not him a  
souldier.

*Ber.* Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approue.

*Laf.* You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimonie.

*Laf.* Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Iarke  
for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-  
ledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and  
transgressed against his valour, and my state that way is  
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:  
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs friends, I will pur-  
sue the amitie.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* These things shall be done sir.

*Laf.* Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O I know him well, I sir, hee sir a good worke-  
man, a verie good Tailor.

*Ber.* Is shee gone to the king?

*Par.* Shee is.

*Ber.* Will shee away to night?

*Par.* As you'll haue her.

*Ber.* I haue writ my letters, caskerted my treasure,  
Given order for our horses, and to night,  
When I should take possession of the Bride,  
And ere I doe begin.

*Laf.* A good Trauailer is something at the latter end  
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vses a  
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should  
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Cap-  
taine.

*Ber.* Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and  
you Monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I haue deserued to run into my  
Lords displeasure.

*Laf.* You haue made shift to run into't, booties and  
spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and  
out of it you'll runne againe, rather then suffer question  
for your residence.

*Ber.* It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

*Laf.* And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's  
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nuc: the soule  
of this man is his clothes: Trust him not in matter of  
heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know  
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better  
of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but  
we must do good against euill.

*Par.* An idle Lord, I sweare.

*Ber.* I thinke so.

*Par.* Why do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech  
Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I haue sir as I was commanded from you  
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue  
For present parting, onely he desires  
Some priuate speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not meruaile *Helena* at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration, and required office  
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not  
For such a businesse, therefore am I found  
So much vnsted: This driues me to intreate you,  
That presently you take your way for home,  
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,  
For my respects are better then they seeme,  
And my appointments haue in them a neede  
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother,  
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so  
I leaue you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient seruant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And euer shall

With true obseruance seeke to eke out that  
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild  
To equall my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farewell.  
His home.

*Hel.* Pray sir your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,  
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,  
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale  
What law does vouch mine owne.

*Ber.* What would you haue?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed,  
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

*Ber.* I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:  
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell.

*Ber.* Go thou toward home, where I will neuer come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Brautly, Coragio.

### Actus Tertius.

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,  
with a troope of Souldiers.

*Duke.* So that from point to point, now haue you heard

The fundamentall reasons of this warre;  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirsts after.

*Lord.* Holy seemes the quarrell

Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we meruaile much our Cousin France  
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*French E.* Good my Lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,  
By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found  
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile:

As often as I guest.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*French G.* But I am sure the yonger of our nature,  
That surfet on their ease, will day by day  
Come heere for Physicke.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they bee:

And all the honors that can flye from vs,  
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,  
When better fall, for your auailles they fell,  
To morrow to th field.

*Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

*Count.* It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue  
that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-  
rie melancholly man.

*Count.* By what obseruance I pray you.

*Clo.* Why he will looke vpon his boote, and sing:  
mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke  
his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of  
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

*Lad.* Let me see what he writes, and when he meane  
to come.

*Clo.* I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court.  
Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing  
like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains  
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an  
old man loues money, with no stomacke.

*Lad.* What haue we heere?

*Clo.* In that you haue there.

*exit*

*A Letter.*

I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the  
King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her,  
and sworne to make her not eternal. You shall heare I am  
runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee  
breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My  
duty to you.

*Four unfortunate songs.*

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,  
To flye the fauours of so good a King,  
To plucke his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous  
For the contempt of Empire.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* O Madam, yonder is heauenewes within be-  
tweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

*Lad.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some  
comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought  
he would.

*Lad.* Why should he be kill'd?  
*Clo.* So say I Madame, if he  
does, the danger is in standing  
men, though it be the getting  
come will tell you more. For  
sonne was run away.

*Enter Hellen and two*

*French E.* Saue you good M

*Hel.* Madam, my Lord is g

*French G.* Do not say so.

*Lad.* Thinke vpon patience,  
I haue felt so many quirkes of  
That the first face of neither on  
Can woman me vntoote. When

*French G.* Madam he's gone

*French E.* I haue felt so many quirkes of

We met him thitherward, for  
And after some dispatch in hand  
Thither we bend againe.

*Hel.* Looke on his Letter M

When thou canst get the Ring up

shall come off, and shew mee a

that I am faster too, then call me

I write a Newer.

This is a dreadfull sentence.

*Lad.* Brought you this Letter

*French E.* I Madam, and for the

for our paines.

*Old Lad.* I prethee Ladie ha

If thou engrossed, all the grief

Thou robst me of a moiety: He

But I do wash his name out of

And thou art all my childe.

*French G.* I Madam.

*Lad.* And to be a souldier.

*French G.* Such is his noble p

The Duke will lay vpon him al

That good conuenience claime

*Lad.* Returne you thither.

*French E.* I Madam, with the

*Hel.* Till I haue no wife, I ha

'Tis bitter.

*Lad.* Finde you that there?

*Hel.* I Madame.

*French E.* 'Tis but the boldnes

his heart was not consenting to

*Lad.* Nothing in France, v

There's nothing heere that is u

But onely she, and she deserue

That twenty such rude boyes

And call her hourly Mistris.

*French E.* A seruant onely, a

haue sometime knowne.

*Lad.* Parolles was it not?

*French E.* I my good Ladie,

*Lad.* A verie tainted fellow

My sonne corrupted a well seru

With his inducement.

*French E.* Indeed good Ladie

that, too much, which holds h

*Lad.* Yare welcome Gentle

when you see my sonne, to t

neuer winne the honor that he